MERRY NEVVES FROM Epſom-Wells:

Being a witty and notable *Relation*, of a Lawyers lying with a *London* Goldſmiths Wife, at *Epſom*, whilſt the kind Cuckold went for Water: And the manner of the beating up of their Quarters one morning early by the Lawyers wife, as they lay embracing each other in bed together.

With the *Goldſmiths* loving ſpeech in Vindication of his Wife, to hundreds of People, there preſent: who conducted them out of the Town with great Shouts and Ecchoes; and wo they of obſervation by the noble Citizens.

London, Printed for *G. Kendal*, and are to be ſold near the Old-Bayley, 1663.

MERRY

NEWES

FROM

Eplom-Wells:

Being a witty and morable Relation,

of a Lawyers lying with a Doctors Goodwife Wife

at Eplom, whilest the kind Cuckold wandred Where:

And the manner of their meeting and their Game.

Twas one morning early by the Lawyers wife,

as they lay in bed with each other

With the Cozenages and lovings Speech

In Vocation of this VVife, to murther the People,

these prelates ! who conducted them out of the Town

with great Shouts and Exchoes ; and so by

of observation by the noble Citizens.

London, Printed for R. Arnold, and are to be sold near
the Old Bayley. 1663.

MERRY NEWES FROM Epsom-Wells.

CATO the Censor said in his time, *That if the World were without Women, the Conversation of men would not be exempt from the company of Gods.*

And a Doctor of the *Jewes* yielding a reason why the Eternal Word had so long time deferred its Incarnation, said nothing else, but that the World was then replenished with bad Women, and that four thousand years were not able to furnish out one good one, to serve as an Instrument suitable to the greatness of this Mystery.

Another

Another having lived free from the Bands of Marriage, caused to be set on his Tomb; *Vixit sine impedimento: He lived without hinderance*: Which was a phrase very obscure, to express what he would say: Notwithstanding it was found this hinderance, whereof he spake, was a Woman. This may well happen through the vice and misery wherein the state of this present life hath confined us: But to speak generally, we must affirm, had it been the best way to frame the World without a Woman, God had done it, never expecting the Advice of these brave *Cato*'s; and whosoever endeavoureth to condemn Marriage, though sometimes it proves contrary to expectation, he doth, that he is either out of his Wits, or a publick enemy to Mankind; for true it is, that the laudable conversation of Women, renders it self so necessary for Christianity, that it proves a singular means to Man's felicity and happiness: Whereas, on the contrary, something may arise, to eclipse that mutual love, for a time; which cannot be imputed to Marriage, but a depraved Nature: Therefore, whosoever shall read these following Verses, let him take them cautionary, for it is a catching Disease; but happy is he, who feels not the operation.

THe killing Play will ne're decay,
though Ladies look so stately:
I'le tell you a witty wanton Toy,
that happed very lately.
It is a Jest, worth all the rest,
which ever shall come after:
'Tis new and true, and fit for you,
that do drink Epsom *water*.

A Citizen and his gallant Wife,
that was both gay and pretty;
And could do all things to the life,
she was so rare and pretty:
When she was kind, he could be blind,
and mind another matter:
Whil'st she was kist, he could be whist,
and run for Epsom *water*.

A Lawyer that knew what was what,
did lodge next Chamber to her;
Who by her Face, did find her Case,
and turn'd an amorous Wooer:
He found out what, she would be at
so gentle was her Nature:
The Husbands Wit, was very fit
to wait, and fetch them water.

They kiss and play, the time away,
with tossing and with tumbling:
But now they intend, to come to th'end,
and stand no longer fumbling.
The poor *Cits* brains, ran all on gains,
who to promote the matter,
One morning early, fresh and fairly,
did run out for Water.

But out alas, the Citizen was
rewarded for his labour:
The Lawyer went, by free consent
to visitt his next Neighbour.

He

He stood not long on Complement,
but aym'd his Arrow at her:
Thus many a Cuckold hath been made
by drinking Epsom *water*.

There they did lye, and multiply
their Kisses without number:
The pleasure that they had at last
put both into a slumber.

A Lady which from *London* came,
attended by her Daughter,
Went to this house (I dare'nt name)
to drink of Epsom *water*.

The Doors were open, and below
there were no persons moving;
She comes up to these Lovers, who
were fast asleep with loving:

She peeps and stares, and stamps and swears,
and's as mad as may be;
The Lawyer wakes, with trembling quakes
to see his own Wife there.

The Lawyers Wife, with furious hands
the Chamber door do make fast;
It grieved her sore, to see a Whore
had got away her Husband:

She opes the Casement, and she calls
all People to this slaughter;
How most unkindly did he fall
his Wife for to betray,

to vilifie his next Neighbour.

She

She ope's the door, to shew the whore
and through the Town runs madding,
She told them all, both great and small,
of her Husbands dancing *Padding*.
Thus was the Lawyer out-law'd by
his wary Wife and Daughter,
The *Wittal* whilst this tumult's high
comes sneaking in with water.

Five hundred people here were met
(though early in the morning)
There could have been no louder fleet
had all the Town been burning.
The Cuckold makes a speech between.
(with laughing most pedantick)
And said the Lawyers Wife had been
some four or five years frantick.

My Wife, quoth he, I long have had
and found her alwayes honest,
Though some there are think Women bad
whose carriage is the bonniest,
But all the rout, did laugh and shout
his language could not fit all:
Though still he cry'd, yet they reply'd,
a Cuckold, and a Wittall.

To save his life, he takes his Wife,
and out of Town he trudges:
The Lawyers fact, is censur'd by
almost a thousand Judges.

They

They flout and fleer, they jeft and jeer,
the Town is full of laughter,
But many of them that were there,
had paddled in fuch water.

The Lawyers Wife did rant and tear,
enough to make the Sky burn:
It was no time to carry there,
he had better been at *Tyburn:*
Away he goes, full'd full of woes,
to think what will come after,
He that loves his life, let him keep his wife
from drinking fuch water.

The Cuckold makes a peeleh-bowcen
(with laughing moft podantick)
And laid the Lawyers Wife had been
Come fare ye fine Jury Peanuts.

USE